some things that I feared would be taken as sympathy for this position. So as to avoid any such impression, I wrote the review, knowing it would bring a vigorous response from him, thus removing any impression of sympathy for said position. In the same article from which you quoted, I commented on those who "teach that a baptized believer can worship with instrumental music, participate in social gospel practices, centralize and institutionalize churches, and still be covered by God's grace!" Then I pointed out that if brother Needham were called on to recommend such a one as sound, thus showing sympathy for such a position, his answer would be an unequivocal No! – *Ron Halbrook, Box 8368, Nashville 37007*

Last Sunday morning I had the honor of serving the Lord's supper to my brothers and sisters in the Lord. It is wonderful to be able again to participate in an assembly. As I contemplated beforehand, I held the bread and the wine aloft, blessed it and broke it before the assembly. I prayed for our unity. I didn't really know why I chose to do and say these things this way until tonight when I read your "Crumbs on the Platter." Now I think since you were present in the assembly that God may have been saying, "Amen to your *Crumbs on the Platter* article, Leroy" – *Tom Farr, Denton, Texas.*

OFFICE NOTES

A sister in Lufkin, Texas buys William Barclay's *Daily Celebration* faster than we can stock them. She passes them along to people she especially loves. She praises the book as really something else. So, I thought others of you might want to get in on the goodies. Barclay has prepared a "celebration" for each day of the year, running a page or so, on scores of subjects: Mothers, Responsibility, Half Truths, History, The Listeners, When Its Dangerous to Think, Greatness, Rights and Duties. You name it, its likely there. Ouida and I ignore the calendar, thumb here and there, laugh and . . .yes, you might weep. We highly recommend it. Hardbound, handsomely published. 5.95.

I have not yet seen Carl Ketcherside's *The Death of the Custodian: The Case of the Missing Tutor,* and I can hardly wait. That title sounds just like him, especially that bit about the tutor missing. I really dig that! We have a box of them ordered, and we promise to put them in the mail the same day your order arrives, if you'll send a check for 2.95. If you ask us to bill you, you may have to wait a few days. For another 2.95, we'll include *Heaven Help Us,* which is his teaching on the Holy Spirit. The first book deals with law and grace, raising the question *Is the New Testament a code of Laws which the believer must follow?*

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Betrayal of A Heritage
It Began in Scotland

RESTORATION REVIEW

Leroy Garrett, Editor

February, 1976 Vol. 18, No. 2

Young Alexander Campbell dropped a token . . .

. . . and a movement was born

Rich John Hancock signed a document . . .

. . . and a nation was born

The Word Abused . . .

" THE BROTHERHOOD'S FINEST HOUR"

According to a report out of Gainesville, Florida recently, which has been published in numerous journals, "the brotherhood" (referring only to Churches of Christ, I presume) had its finest hour. And there was cause for rejoicing, for two congregations, previously at outs with each other, are now at peace. Some of the language in the report, however, reveals woeful ignorance of the nature of fellowship, such as: "The difficulties have been completely corrected, making fellowship once again possible." Since when is fellowship contingent upon there being no difficulties? And what is one congregation doing "withdrawing fellowship" from another congregation in the first place?

The brethren who assembled for the smoking of the peace pipe, including numerous preachers from across the country, might have done better to have excused themselves on the grounds that it was none of their business. And that would have been a good speech also for the "offended" congregation: *Brethren, since we really believe in congregational autonomy, in deed as well as word, we hereby acknowledge that this whole affair of your work and worship has been none of our business, and we will henceforth take care of our congregation and leave you to run yours.*

That still might not have been our finest hour, but it wouldn't have been bad. Surely it is with tongue in cheek that my brethren talk and write about how the Churches of Christ believe in congregational autonomy, for in almost any city all the "loyal" churches will jump on an innovative congregation like a cat does a June bug. They'll even spell out the demands for "restoring fellowship," which might include firing a certain preacher or banning particular guest speakers. It is nearly always the clergy that calls the shots. In Gainesville they came from far and wide – preachers from distant states and foreign countries – to get the thing settled for the local churches! If a group of our preachers can get together like that, draw up a statement on what constitutes sound doctrine and issue the same to "the brotherhood," strongly implying that their word is the final court of appeal, then we must at least be more forebearing toward Episcopalians and Roman Catholics when they assemble and issue ecclisiastical norms. What do they say about when the shoe is on the other foot . . .?

Our finest hour in Gainesville assures us, for instance, that "Miracles have ceased and do not exist in the lives of men today." They settled that after only two days of talks! We are also told that "The Bible does not authorize women to lead the public serices in singing, prayer or preaching." We presume that they are prepared to show us where the Bible authorizes *men* to lead in prayer and singing! Acts 5:24 has the gathered saints, men and women alike, "lifting their voices together to God" and praying. The same

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is in Acts 12:12 where many saints gathered in the home of Mary in prayer for the imprisoned Peter – "many were gathered together and were praying." According to the Gainesville edict brothers and sisters can't do that. Some man has to lead them!

One reason the sisters in the Gainesville churches will no longer be encouraged to be naughty and address the Father even in devotionals and "soul talks" is because of Romans 14. "In the spirit of Romans 14, since the practice has become a source of controversy and division in the brotherhood, we will forego the practice in all congregational activities . . . " If Rom. 14 imposes this upon the sisters, then we may expect the brothers to no longer support Herald of Truth, divide into classes, or use multiple cups, for all these things, plus many more, are "a source of controversy and division."

That is hardly "the spirit of Romans 14," for in that chapter Paul makes it clear that a *to each his own* attitude should prevail. The carnivorous can keep on eating meats and the vegetarians can keep on being vegetarians without either of them passing judgment on the other. The spirit of that chapter is "Let every one be fully convinced in his own mind" (verse 5). That allows for diversity, while Gainesville is insisting upon conformity. Using Rom. 14 as a mandate for conformity in matters of opinion, that is something! But you will notice that those who use (or *abuse*) the scriptures that way are never willing to apply the same logic on themselves. Now that "the 14" have gone on record that sisters should no longer pray aloud even in devotionals because of Rom. 14, we'll inform our "conservative" brethren that they have at last won their point about Herald of Truth. Since it is a matter of controversy and represents our latest fission, all they need do is appeal to "the spirit of Rom. 14." They in turn would have to surrender the Sunday School. The Sunday School brethren would then have to give up multiple cups . . . If *that* is what Rom. 14 is talking about, then none of us could ever have any freedom to do as he thinks best so long as somebody objected to it.

As for a sister in Christ praying in meetings, I think Rom. 14 comes nearer teaching me that it is before her own master that she will stand or fall, that she doesn't have to give an account to me nor do I have to stand in for her, and that I should leave her alone and mind my own cotton-pickin' business.

You would think that this proposition would be as safe and sound as Abilene and Nashville combined, with Searcy thrown in for good measure: "Christian fellowship must be extended to all persons who have been baptized for the remission of sins'." But even that did not pass the test in Gainesville. That must be improved to say "Fellowship must be extended only to all persons who obey Jesus in becoming Christians and who live the Christian life." That addendum sounds innocuous enough, but "If you know Suzie like I know Suzie," then you'll know what the old gal means when she speaks cryptically.

Our Christian Church brothers have been baptized for remission of sins, as have many Baptists and others – and other Church of Christ folk like "liberals" and premillennialists and charismatics. So the addendum is an "escape valve" for Church of Christ sectarianism, for "obeying Jesus" and "living the Christian life" really means being

a faithful Church of Christ member – the party that "the 14" belongs to! The "escape valve" allows them to reject a brother that uses a piano or supports a missionary society. *Oops!* I almost said Herald of Truth!

A sectarian is one who "fellowships" only those of his own sect. The mother church in Gainesville was "offended" that her grandchild, a congregation evolved from the one that she had spawned, was getting out of line on this point, viewing fellowship in Christ as embracing all who have been baptized into him. One thing that a sectarian church cannot bear is for a next of kin to become non-sectarian. So they called in the preachers and got it all fixed up, giving us our finest hour.

Here is one more ringer that comes out of that great moment: "The Holy Spirit does not in any way lead or direct Christians today separate and apart from the word of God."

Just like that! I marvel at the arrogance of the clergy. I think of the pope making poor old King John do pennance out in the cold, with his knees buried in the snow. The clergy not only dares to rule kings, nations and churches, but they'll even tell the Holy Spirit what He can and cannot do.

How can men who claim to know the scriptures make such an irresponsible statement as that? The Spirit does not in any way lead apart from the word! An explanation of what "apart from the word" means would be interesting. Does it mean that the Spirit leads only in terms of what He actually says in scripture? Rom 8:14 says, "As many as are led by the Spirit of God are sons of God."How much of the New Testament did those Romans have? Verse 26 says that the Spirit helps us in our weakness and that He prays for us. How can this be only through the word?

So, if "the 14" are right, one can't believe that the Spirit might lead him to the woman he should marry, the child he should adopt, or the job he should take. The Spirit can't lead us to reach for a particular book that He wants us to read or cause us to meet the person that will bring us closer to Jesus. He can't cause the right person and the right idea to get together in history. He can't lead a Thomas Campbell to write the *Declaration and Address* or a Barton Stone to pen *The Last Will and Testament of the Springfield Presbytery*. He can't cause a Raccoon John Smith, discouraged and disheartened, to ride 17 miles by horseback to hear Alexander Campbell, the man who set him free in Christ. The Spirit can't lead a lost brother to you or to your congregation where he will hear words that will bring him back home.

This is the sin of Church of Chrisism. Arrogance amidst impotency. A dead and powerless religion. No wonder the majority of us are scared to live and afraid to die. The only concept we have of the Holy Spirit is in terms of quoting prooftexts. God, pity us! May He teach us that "the kingdom of God does not consist in talk, but in *power*" (1 Cor. 4:20).

And so we have it – "the brotherhood's finest hour." A dozen of our papers have said its so. Maybe that depends on what "the brotherhood" means. If I had a vote or two, I would name Oct. 31, 1517, the day Luther nailed his theses to the castle door, igniting the Reformation. Or perhaps June 12, 1812 when the Campbells were immersed into Jesus in Buffalo Creek, near Bethany, firing the American Restoration Movement, even if they didn't *then* realize it was for the remission of sins (which I suppose excludes them from "the brotherhood"!). Or I might select Christmas, 1831, when the Stone-Campbell movement became united in Lexington, Ky.

If my choice were ancient, the brotherhood's finest hour may have been "the sixth hour" in Caesarea, about 38 A.D., when Peter dreamed of brotherhood on that housetop, and then came down and made his way to "the dogs" that God said were clean. If my choice be from recent history, I would go to July 4, 1966, in Bethany, where eight different factions of the Church of Christ gathered around the Lord's table in the old Campbell church, singing *When All God's Children are One.*

I might even be naive and name the hour in 1939 when Brodie Hardeman wrote a letter of apology for his part of a feud with Foy Wallace. They were both heroes of mine in those days, and brother Hardeman was always my dear friend. I sat there as his student when he read us the letter. I was touched. It was a great moment.

Wittenburg, Lexington, Bethany, Caesarea. But who am I to question the glory of Gainesville? The women, like the blacks, have been put in their place. So has the Holy Spirit. A church has been saved from apostasy, and it will now "fellowship" all the right people and none of the wrong people. Yes, of course. Our loyal papers say so, and what is this little journal to suggest otherwise. Gainesville, Florida, Nov. 11, 1975 *was* the finest hour for – "the brotherhood." – *the Editor*

BETRAYAL OF A HERITAGE

In this the 200th anniversary year of the birth of our nation we are especially conscious of heritage and destiny. As a people we are looking back to see where we have been in hopes of better understanding where we are going, or should be going. Heritage and destiny are thus closely related. We can hardly be "people in the NOW," building a better tomorrow if we have no understanding of the past, especially in terms of what our forebears have bequeathed to us. This is what *heritage* means – inheritance, things both physical and spiritual, cultural and ideological, that have been handed down to us by those of past generations.

In a general way this applies to everything from our physical bodies and personal characteristics to our family life, jobs, schools, churches, science, industry, political order – the whole bit of what might be called our culture, with its music and art, its sports and its literature. Such a heritage is for the most part inescapable. You are stuck with red hair or green eyes, and there's not much you can do about it – especially the eyes! You are also dropped down into a world of computers, TV, assassinations, Walter Cronkite, and the Dallas Cowboys. Had you been born in ancient Rome or even in early America the story for you

would have been entirely different. But that's what heritage is all about. We are what we are; and we have what we have. But that is also the point. So often we do not realize just who we are, nor do we understand what we have.

We may be like the dilettante who proudly boasted of the rich library he had inherited from his scholarly grandfather, though he lacked the depth to realize what he had. "These are *my* books," he would remind every visitor to his home, pointing to the splendid volumes gracing the walls, though he never really studied them. They were his and yet they weren't. A heritage can be betrayed by being unworthy of it.

One of the first lessons to learn about any inheritance is that we accept it for what it is, warts and all, or we disassociate ourselves from it altogether. We cannot lay claim to the assets without accepting responsibility for the liabilities. If Aunt Emma bequeaths you a farm down in the Rio Grande valley where all the luscious fruit grows, you can't take the farm without the mortage that may yet be against it. You might have trouble with the probate judge if you said, "Oh, yes, indeed, I'll take the farm, but not the debts against it." He'd have you know that they go together. You take them both or leave them both.

One assignment I had in my visit to Taiwan a few years ago was to share my American heritage with a group of educators in exile from mainland China. I could tell them about Washington and Jefferson and Lincoln, about our industrial production and our free educational system; but I also had to deal with their questions about American slavery, as well as some of the "liabilities" then in the world press: race riots in Washington, bombing of churches in Birmingham, and the killing of civil right workers in Mississippi.

It is equally true of a religious heritage. A Mormon may point with pride to the Tabernacle Choir as it wings its way over TV, but he must also realize that the antics of prophet Joseph Smith are also part of the package, in which he cannot so easily be proud, if he knows the story. Our own Church of Christ history is upwards of a century old now, and as part of the larger Restoration Movement it is even older. In that history there are many things for which we can be thankful, while other things are not so good. But we have to accept it all as the product of our people, preserving what we believe to be right and helping to correct what we believe to be wrong. This makes us faithful heirs. We betray our heritage to do otherwise. So long as our people preach the gospel and minister to human suffering, we can join in the effort and praise God for it. But when we play the party game and divide into a dozen or more warring sects, while telling the world that we are the New Testament church, we should face up to the shame of our inconsistency and work for a change. Dirt in history is like dirt in a room: it has a way of hanging around even when swept under a rug!

A review of some of the ideas and principles that gave birth to the Restoration Movement in this country, back to which Churches of Christ trace their beginning, will reveal that something has gone wrong. When we take an honest look at the facts, we may have to conclude that we've been had. Somebody has betrayed a glorious concept and a lot of us have been ripped off. A heritage betrayed! Let's take a look.

1. We began as a unity movement.

Both words are very important. Our pioneers launched a movement within the church for the purpose of correcting deficiencies and continuing the great work of reformation that began with Martin Luther. They had no illusions about restoring the church itself, for they realized that the community of believers has always been in this world, ever since Jesus promised that it would: "Upon this rock I will build my church, and the gates of hades will not prevail against it." The Body of Christ will always be, until Jesus comes to claim his own! Alexander Campbell realized this, and so he did not suppose that the church had disappeared into the wilderness and that it was his task to bring it back into history. The church was out there, but it was splintered into sects, its institutions of the Lord's supper and baptism were in disarray, its scriptures were displaced by the creeds of men, and its fellowship was determined by sectarian loyalties. So, a movement was launched to take up where the reformers of past generations had left off, and to make the church what God wants it to be. Their mission, therefore, was not to restore the church, for the church already existed, but to restore *to* the church what they believed to be its rightful character. They were renovators, not innovators.

Our pioneers, drawing upon the resources of their own heritage, came to see the essential unity of the Body of Christ and the horrid evil of division. Thomas Campbell penned these nobel words at the outset of the movement: "The Church of Christ upon earth is essentially, intentionally, and constitutionally one." If it is God's church, it has to be one! And yet he saw sectism everywhere, and he himself was a victim of its oppressive character. He saw brother exclude brother over different interpretations of scripture, causing him to write in his *Declaration and Address:* "No man can be judged for his brother, so no man can judge for his brother . . . Therefore, no man has a right to judge his brother, except in so far as he manifestly violates the express letter of the law."

Fed up as he was with all the hullabaloo of sectarian bigotry, Thomas Campbell wrote: "Tired and sick of the bitter jarrings and janglings of a party spirit, we would desire to be at rest, and we would give rest to our brethren throughout all the churches."

Our Movement was then and should be now a movement "to unite the Christians in all the sects." We betray our heritage if we exchange this plea for a demand for conformity. The Churches of Christ cannot presume to have recovered all of God's truth for His church. We cannot suppose that we are *the* right church to the exclusion of all others. It is our role, as disciples of Jesus, to be a movement for unity and peace, of love and fellowship, among the divided church, seeking "to preserve the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace."

If our message to the Christian world is that all other religious groups must surrender whatever they are and become precisely what we are, then it will fall upon resentful ears, as it should. But if our plea is as the apostle Peter's, "Come to Jesus, to that living stone, rejected by men but in

God's sight precious," and recognize that as our goal, sharing Jesus and finding unity in a common desire to be more and more like him, then the world will take us seriously. We have much to offer other believers, for our heritage has enriched our potential. This can be done only as we learn to criticize ourselves and come to accept our own imperfections, thus cooperating with our neighbors in a common search for more and more truth.

Yes, we began as a unity movement, and yet our people have been among the most sectarian, factious, and divisive in the history of Christianity, so that even in this peaceful city there are six or eight different kinds of Churches of Christ and Christian Churches, hardly any of whom will recognize the others as within the fellowship of Christ. It is imperative that we in our generation reverse this betrayal of our original purpose and once again be emissaries of peace and love in a tragically divided religious world.

2. At first we said, "We are Christians only, but not the only Christians."

This was the way our pioneers put it, and this was the way our people believed during our early history. We told the world that we did not want to be any kind of hyphenated Christian, whether Methodist-Christian, Baptist-Christian or whatever, but Christians only, for we believed that this was according to the scriptures.

Most everyone will concede this to be a reasonable and peaceful plea: *Christians only*. But we have betrayed this impressive motto by claiming that we are the only Christians. The difference is staggering. No one can criticize us for believing that we are right, and believing it adamantly. But we do make ourselves vulnerable when we believe ourselves to be right and everybody else wrong.

It frees us from a sectarian concept to realize that wherever God has a child we have a brother or sister, wherever that child may be. Surely we have blood brothers and sisters out there in the larger religious world, people who have been redeemed by the blood of Christ just as we have. They are not our brothers and sisters because they are Methodists or Baptists or Pentecostals or whatever, but because they are "in Christ" just as we are, having believed and obeyed the same gospel we have.

Recently a professor friend of mine in Denton was telling me of his association with some Catholics who have really become turned on as to what the Holy Spirit can do in their lives. My friend talked with one of them in particular, sharing with him what it means to be immersed into Christ. It is a touching story of how he finally immersed this believing "Catholic" into Christ. Now that man continues within the context of his own Roman Catholic Church, and my friend does not believe that it *necessarily* follows that he has to leave where he is and come over and join us, unless he himself concludes that this is what he should do. He has joined Christ in baptism, and has consequently become a brother to all of us who are in Jesus, and that's what counts.

No church today is so true to the scriptual norms that it can demand that all God's children be within its fold. We must realize that the Church of God on earth is fragmented and largely decadent. In our efforts to unite and revive it, each concerned one must labor where he believes the Lord wants him, and leave it to God to put it all together according to his own purpose, which He is going to do anyway.

But it greatly troubles some of our people for me to talk this way. The way you have it, they say, we'll be fellowshipping brothers in error. Brothers in error! Now, really, do you suppose we have any other kind?

3. At the outset we said, "In matters of faith, unity; in matters of opinion, liberty; in all things, love."

This principle did not originate with our pioneers, but should be credited to one Rupert Meldenius, a 17th century reformer. But they sharpened it and applied it to their restoration efforts. To them it meant that unity is possible if we make nothing the basis of fellowship that God has not made a condition for salvation. "In matters of faith, unity." We can be united only on the ground of what is clearly and distinctly set forth in scripture, not upon our opinions or private interpretations.

Thomas Campbell saw at the very beginning the cause of division: "The bitter root of almost all our divisions, namely, the imposing of our private opinions upon each other as articles of faith or duty, introducing them into the public profession and practice of the Church, and acting upon them as if they were the express law of Christ, by judging and rejecting our brethren that differ from us in those things."

Perhaps you have noticed that we nearly always divide over what the Bible says nothing about in the first place, whether Sunday Schools, missionary societies, communion cups, or instrumental music. When we are tempted to impose our views on these things upon our brothers, demanding that they practice it our way, we would do well to read Thomas Campbell still further: "Nothing ought to be inculcated upon Christians as articles of faith, nor required of them as terms of communion, but what is expressly taught and enjoined upon them in the word of God."

Even if we think we know we are right in a given position, we cannot insist that our brother see it our way, until he himself comes to see it as something clearly enjoined in the scriptures. Notice how beautifully Thomas Campbell puts it: "Although inferences and deductions from Scripture premises, when fairly inferred, may be truly called the doctrine of God's holy word, yet are they not formally binding upon the consciences of Christians farther than they perceive the connection, and evidently see that they are so . . . No such deductions can be made terms of communion, but do properly belong to the after and progressive edification of the Church."

How that liberates us! And it makes it possible for us to respond to Jesus' prayer for the oneness of all his desciples: "Father, may they be one . . ." If we have to see eye-to-eye on all these private interpretations before that prayer can be answered, then we will never in this world be a united people. In matters of *faith*, unity. That is, in matters clearly revealed as God's unquestionable will for us. This is why our pioneers measured brotherhood in terms of the gospel itself: *one Lord, one faith, one baptism.*

In matters of opinion, liberty. We all profess to subscribe to that, but few of us really practice it. The problem is that what is a matter of faith to one is a matter of opinion to another, and vice-versa. This is where our heri-

tage helps us: our pioneers insisted that unless something is clearly and distinctly set forth in scripture it is a matter of opinion, however important it may be to us, and cannot be imposed upon another.

This means, then, that we can have some churches that support Herald of Truth and some that do not, some that are premillennial in their interpretation of prophecy and some that are not, some that use instrumental music and some that do not, some that have the Sunday School system and some that do not, some that are more pentecostal or charismatic in their view of the Holy Spirit and some that are less so – and still be one together in the Body of Christ in that we are united on the essentials – the one Lord, the one faith, the one baptism.

In all things, love. This is the great dynamic that really makes us one in Christ. By its very nature love heals what is diseased and unites what is divided. As Paul puts it: "Above all things put on love, which binds everything together in perfect harmony". (Co. 3:14) Phillips has it read that love is "the golden chain of all the virtues."

This is our heritage. Let's portray it rather than betray it! – *Presented to Park Row Church of Christ, Arlington, Tx., Jan.11, 1976, by the editor.*

Bicentennial Notes on Restoration History . . .

IT BEGAN IN SCOTLAND

It is always risky to attempt to pinpoint the exact moment of any significant movement in history. I shall take that risk, however, for it should prove to be both interesting and helpful to be able to look back upon a single instance in history as the beginning of our Restoration Movement. I say *our* in reference to the Campbell-Stone reformatory efforts of last century, of which the Christian Churches-Churches of Christ are heirs. Most of us are aware of various restoration efforts through the centuries, and few there are of us who suppose that ours is the only such effort. But it is *ours* that we are studying in this series, so that we might better understand where we came from and where we ought to be going. In our first installment we got a general view of restoration efforts up to the American Revolution. Now we are ready to see how the Campbell-Stone effort itself got off the ground, developed, and went on to have the impact it had. And in this installment I propose to describe the precise incident that spurred our Movement into existence, along with the attending circumstances.

To do this sort of thing is a bit arbitrary perhaps. It is like naming the starting point of the Protestant Reformation or the American Revolution. If one points to the moment that Luther nailed the 95 theses to the cathedral door in Wittenburg as the start of the Reformation, he is not necessarily ignoring the influence of a Wycliffe or a Tyndale. He is only saying that incident provided the spark, without which it would have been a different story.

Some historians prefer to date the American Revolution from that moment in Concord when "the shot was fired heard round the world." I would date it from that day when the colonists met to ratify the Declaration of Independence, the exact moment being when John Hancock, the president of the congress, took pen in hand and became the first of 56 signers. "There," he said, imposing his bold and graceful signature on the document, "King George can read it without his spectacles, and he can raise the price of 500 pounds he now has on my head!" That was a great moment, a moment in which a new nation was born.

Our Movement began with a similarly dramatic moment and with the same kind of moral courage. The year was 1809, the place Glasgow, Scotland. The occasion was the semi-annual communion service of the Anti-Burgher Seceder Presbyterian Church. Eight hundred Scots had gathered for the occasion, a service restricted to that particular sect, which fastidiously excluded even other kinds of Presbyterians. But one of them, a 21-year old student at Glasgow University, lately come from Ireland, was troubled with gnawing doubts about breaking bread in such a sectarian atmosphere. Having been examined by the elders and found worthy of communion, he had been given a metal token by which he could gain access to the service. Token in hand, he waited for the last of eight or nine tables to be served, hoping he might resolve his doubts in those last moments.

With doubts still plaguing him, he dropped the token in the plate as it came by, but refused to break the bread or drink the cup, realizing as he did then that it was a communion with Christ from which other believers were barred. He turned away and walked out – and life was never again the same for Alexander Campbell. His biographer and physician, Robert Richardson, wrote of that occasion: "It was at this moment that the struggle in his mind was completed, and the ring of the token, falling upon the plate, announced the instant at which he renounced Presbyterianism forever – the leaden voucher becoming thus a token not of communion but of separation."

We'll let that "moment" be the beginning of the Restoration Movement in America. I realize that James O'Kelly and Barton Stone, along with many others, had already begun their labors in the New World. Even Alexander's own father was having experiences at that very time which were crucial to the making of our Movement. But it took Alexander Campbell to make the Movement what it came to be, and the turning point in his life was that dramatic moment in which he turned his back against the party of his fathers and resolved to be a free man in Christ. He was as uncertain as to what the future might bring as was John Hancock when he signed the *Declaration.*

The circumstances that brought Alexander to Glasgow, completely unplanned by his family, were surely providential. His father left his pastorate in Ahorey, Ireland for America in 1807, a move that would hopefully improve his health and liberate him from both the religious and political strife that then taxed Ireland. The family, Alexander being the eldest, would follow once a new home was in order. A wreck in the Irish sea interrupted

these plans. It also wrenched from Alexander a vow that he would give his life to God as a minister of the gospel if he were spared, a resolution that his father had long hoped for, but which, until then, had not been forthcoming.

The delay in sailing for America enabled Alexander to study for upwards of a year at Glasgow. The university courses themselves seem to have had only a normal influence on him. Now 20, he had long been acquainted with books and study habits due to the influence of his scholarly father. It was the extra-curricular activities that had their impact and turned his life around, especially the "house church" that he attended in the home of one Greville Ewing. It was through him that he became acquainted with the principles of reform being advocated in those days by Robert and James Haldane.

It was only 17 years after John Hancock signed the *Declaration* that Greville Ewing was ordained as a minister in the Church of Scotland, his first charge being Lady Glenorchy's chapel in Edinburgh. It was at this time that the Haldane movement began to be felt as an effort to reform the church. The two brothers always insisted that they were bringing no new doctrines but were seeking to complete the reformation begun by Luther and Knox. Ewing was affected by their efforts, and he did his thing by editing a paper, *Missionary Magazine*, the purpose of which was to arouse a decadent church as to its real mission in the world. More importantly, Ewing reflected the spirit of reform as advocated by the Haldanes, who were his close friends, and this was most evident in the intimate gatherings in his home. It was here that Alexander got hooked on restoration ideas, for he was often a guest in the Ewing home, and he came to admire his host greatly. This was no doubt part of what bothered him as he prepared to break bread with his own sect of Seceder Presbyterians. He knew that Greville Ewing, the Haldanes, and the great host of Scottish reformers that he had come to know, could not join him around the Lord's table. They were not in the right party!

The Haldanes were something else, and they make a story all their own – their biographies being written in their own time give testimony to this. They were sons of a famous British admiral, and they themselves gained honors at sea. They took the wealth left them by their father and became even richer, especially Robert, the older one. The spiritual training given them by their mother at last had its effect, turning them from a career at sea to Christian ministry. God often works through common folk, and it was a stone mason who caused Robert Haldane to turn to Jesus and to his mother's early influence. And when he turned he really turned! "Christianity is everything or nothing," he told himself, and if it is everything it should command every sacrifice. From that moment on Robert Haldane poured his great wealth, his life, his blood – *literally* – into the Restoration Movement.

He financed a mission to India, liquidating some of his most valuable property to do so. It was at last blocked by the East India Company, which must have been the Lord's doings, for this turned him to missions in Scotland itself and especially to the reformation of the church. He funded publications, built training schools, erected large tabernacles, supported

evangelists, financed a home missionary society, and once brought 35 children from Africa and educated them in Scottish culture for several years. While he left it to his brother James to do most of the public speaking, he himself participated until he was compelled to refrain due to coughing up blood.

The Haldanes first attracted attention through their emphasis on lay preaching. Though neither of them was an ordained minister, they went into the highways and byways of their native Scotland proclaiming their message of reform. Others joined them – laymen preaching the gospel! Great multitudes heard them. Soon the clergy became alarmed and efforts were made to stop their unauthorized preaching. "It is not our desire to form or to extend the influence of any sect," they told the people, "but to make known the evangelical gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ." Schoolteachers and day laborers were sent out as preachers, along with efforts to train them as preachers of the word. Greville Ewing had one such school in Glasgow, which was moved to Edinburgh before Campbell arrived.

All this led to vast changes in their lives. Both the Haldanes and Greville Ewing left the Church of Scotland. Several independent congregations emerged, the first being in Edinburgh. They called it a Congregational Church. James Haldane was its pastor, a position he held for 52 years. He was still there when Alexander Campbell revisited Scotland 40 years later!

It was James Haldane who was first immersed. He told his congregation that he could no longer baptize babies, and by the time Alexander came to Glasgow he had been immersed. Afterwards Robert also submitted to immersion. So were other leaders in the free congregations, one being John Campbell, an iron worker by trade, who had tremendous influence. So were some clergymen, such as Dr. Innes, who encouraged the Haldanes, and who at last left the Church of Scotland. There is no evidence that I have found, however, that Greville Ewing was ever immersed, which may help explain why the Campbells were another five years being immersed. But Mr. Ewing did introduce weekly communion in his Glasgow congregation, though there is no evidence that Alexander was ever in attendance.

The churches started by John Glas and his son-in-law, Robert Sandeman, were also part of this picture, though a separate movement from the Haldanes. Many of these also adopted immersion, and they came to be known as Scotch Baptists.Their infulence upon Campbell was less dramatic than that of the Haldanes, though he became well acquainted with their views.

The Haldane influence is evident in the following respects:

1. Their non-secterian approach, their freedom and independence from authoritarian religion, their break with the state church.

2. Their appeal to the scriptures, alone, apart from creeds.

3. Their "lay ministry," a restoration of universal priesthood, their challenge of clerical prerogatives.

4. Their church order of rule by elders, independent congregations, pastoral function of elders and mutual edification. One William Ballentine, a Haldane, caused division in the Move-

ment by insisting that *all* members, even incompetent ones, had to speak in the assembly. But the Haldanes opposed this, saying only able teachers are to speak, along with elders. This was later to be Campbell's view also, as well as the early Movement in this country.

5. Their eventual practice of immersion, though this did not become general, nor was it made a test of fellowship. It was made a matter of forbearance, which was the position of the Campbells in the early years.

6. The gradual emergence of weekly communion, in some churches at least, including the Glasite group, which also followed the exact "order" as outlined in Acts 2:42.

Well, this isn't the whole story, but it is enough to understand why young Alex was hardly prepared to go on with the sectarianism of his youth, just as with a lot of folk today. Too much was going on in his world! He couldn't bask in the warmth of spiritual freedom in Ewing's home, and zero in on all the Haldanes were up to, and still play the sectarian game carried on by his own little sect. So, he walked out into a new world, a new direction. The sound of that token on the plate is still reverberating. Can't you hear it?

The Lord was always good to Alexander Campbell. Before sending him to America, he allowed him to relax in a world of young women for a spell. Once through at Glasgow and free of the Presbyterians, he was asked to tutor a bevy of lovely girls in Helensburgh, up north on the sea opposite Greenock, a place much like heaven. He had the women all to himself, the men having to be away in Glasgow. It was a highly cultivated and refined society. He later complained of having to walk the girls in the woods as well as tutor them. He insisted that he had rather be reading and meditating! But we may question that, for he likely relished every minute of it, just as he did all of life.

And surely I have missed it. That must be where the Restoration Movement really began. There in Dumbartonshire, on the shore of the Clyde, in the shady groves around Helensburgh, amidst all those pretty girls. How could I ever have figured it otherwise!

While he was frolicking with those lovely lasses, his father was having a peck of trouble in the New World. He, like John Hancock, had put his name to a *Declaration*, and it too meant war. We'll look in on it in our next. – *the Editor.*

Pilgrimage of Joy . . . .

MOTHER AND HER DANISH KIN

W. Carl Ketcherside

My mother's grandfather was Lars Hansen. He was born of peasant stock in Denmark on February 28, 1829, the year that Hans Christian Andersen gained recognition for his first stage play after he had come to Copenhagen from a boyhood of poverty and persecution at Odense. We never knew the original family names of the women our ancestor married in Denmark. Our only existing records show that the first was Mary and she bore him four

children – Lars Peter, Christina, John and Nelson. The first became my own maternal grandfather and after he began to grow up, his father became known as "Old Lars" to distinguish him from his son.

After the death of Mary, "Old Lars" married a woman whose name was Karen, and who was eleven years younger than himself. They had a little girl and boy, and it was while the latter was still quite young the lure of the New World became too great for them to resist. The stories of emigrants who found breathing space and living-room among the hills and on the wide expanses of prairie and plain sounded a clarion call in a world which had been bled white by the Napoleonic Wars. The Hansens saved what they could and sold what they had and purchased steerage tickets for the family.

My grandfather often told me of the hardships encountered on the six-weeks trip. All food had to be brought along and in their case it consisted mostly of hard-tack rye bread and cheese. The latter became so moldy it had to be scraped before it could be eaten. All became ill and were so sick and nauseated they could hardly minister to one another for weakness. The little boy died and had to be buried at sea. The emaciated little body was sewn up in sailcloth by a sail-mender. At dusk the little knot of emigrants ascended to the deck where the master of the ship read the Lutheran burial service, at the close of which the weighted body was gently eased overboard and sank from sight in the rolling waves.

On the long journey the Hansens became friends of another emigrating family bearing the name of Mabuce, and learning that they were coming to a place called Missouri, they resolved to stick with them. They eventually settled near Bessville, halfway between Marble Hill and Marquand, a land of rolling hills and spring-fed streams. Three more children, all girls, were borne by Karen, who died on November 14, 1877, still only thirty-seven years of age. "Old Lars" lived on for eleven more years, before he passed away on his fifty-ninth birthday. He was regarded as an aged patriarch in those days when the life-span was much shorter than it is now.

Young Lars Peter had gone to school in Denmark and in the new world became fascinated with the knowledge conveyed in the village school. He readily learned English but never lapsed in his usage of the tongue he first knew. All of his life he subscribed for newspapers published in Denmark and though they arrived months after they were printed he devoured their contents greedily. He became an adept penman and his letters were models of Spencerian neatness.

When he married Sophia Christensen he found himself with a companion of "the old school." She thought it was a sin to teach children to speak English. She wanted life to be exactly as it was in the towns and villages of Germany and Denmark. To be a Dane in those days, was to be a Lutheran, and as the Hansen children were born and grew old enough they were sent to the parochial school where all recitations were in German and the catechism was the most important class of all. On Sunday the ritual was conducted in German by stern pastors who tolerated no questioning of their authority. The colony in which my mother grew up was a little island in

an alien sea of humanity. It was a culture transplanted and imposed upon another culture.

At the age of twelve Anna and her sisters were in the field following the plow in the spring, and in the harvest season they were shocking wheat. In the fall and winter the girls hired out in the homes of the wealthy where they were sometimes treated as drudges, arising before daybreak and working until long after darkness fell. The pay was two dollars per week and board. The two dollar wage was dutifully turned over to the parents at the end of every seven days.

One of the older girls, Hulda, met and married a man who worked in the mines and they established a modest home in a "company house" in Cantwell. It was while Anna was visiting for a few days in the home of this sister that William Ketcherside first saw her, a lovely, rosy-cheeked German Fraulein who spoke a delightful dialect which she never completely lost during her lifetime. He courted her with the same zest with which he went at everything else and she agreed to marry him only upon condition that he get the full consent of her father.

That was not easy. A good deal of correspondence must have ensued for the general attitude of people in the German colony was simply stated, "I'd rather follow a girl of mine to her grave than to see her married to a man who is not a Lutheran." The idea of allowing Anna to marry a young agnostic must have ensued a great deal of furore, but finally the parents had to give in. Many years later I read the final letter of consent written by my grandfather to the man who was destined to beget me and give me life. It was couched in formal verbiage and was dignified, and almost stately.

It required that the young man who wanted to marry Anna respect her Lutheran faith and never ask her to forsake it or exchange it for something else. It bound him by a solemn covenant to have all the children resulting from the union properly christened by an ordained Lutheran minister, duly instructed in the catechism and confirmed in the Missouri Synod Lutheran Church "as God has instructed in his holy word."

It was probably no great issue with the ardent swain. He knew very little about God, less about the Bible and nothing at all about the Missouri Synod Church. Eighteen months after the wedding when I was born, he made no objection to my being christened. Later my mother told me about it. One of my aunts made my long white christening dress and my mother carried me in her arms almost three miles on a hot day to the Lutheran Church in Flat River where I was christened by the Reverend Mr. Petersen. The christening certificate is now quite yellow with age. More than fifty years later I went to visit a Lutheran clergyman in a little Arkansas village only to find out that he was the assistant who helped out in the service. It probably took two of them to hold me still and keep me quiet.

I was born in our humble home. There was no hospital anywhere near the area and even if there had been no woman would have gone to it to deliver a child. Many years after the event my grandmother told me about my arrival. When my mother began to feel the pains signifying that her time had come, my father went to get my grandmother who had herself delivered several hundred babies in cabins in the woods. Every woman felt safe if "Aunt Viney" was present during the ordeal. An uncle was dispatched to get Dr. McClellan who was delayed somewhat because his horse had unhooked the stable door and headed for the pasture. Fortunately, with my usual good spirit of cooperation I postponed the happening until the principals were present and we got the signal, "All systems go!"

My mother had prepared a homemade cradle out of an E.I. Dupont de Nemours powder box which my father had carried home from the mine, and she told me later that I was the loveliest child she had ever seen. She also told the other five the same thing in turn. Nine months after I was born she learned she was again pregnant, and when her second son was born she named him Larsen Rudolph in true Danish fashion as she had named me William Carl in honor of my father and the crown prince of Germany.

Ours must have been a typical home in a mining community. My parents loved each other although I have a faint recollection of my mother weeping as she rocked one of us, because of some misunderstanding which had caused my father to "fly off the handle" and use profanity. Sometimes she shed tears because of her yearning for a sight of the faces of those whom she loved in the community where she was reared, and especially because she was homesick for her father and mother. I wonder now if she missed regular attendance at the Lutheran Church, and if there was a pang in her generous heart because she saw us growing up with no catechetical instruction.

Christmastime must have been especially depressing to her. It was a great season in the German community. For days before there was baking and preparation of all kinds. The house was filled with the pungent odor of spices. There was always a huge tree cut down in the forest and hauled home to be erected in a corner of the living-room close to the fire place. It was strung with popcorn and cranberries for there were no commercial hangings. Christmas brought good feelings and mellowness, helped no little by frequently imbibing homemade wine and brandy brought up from the cellar.

Compared to all of this Christmas in a mining village was a drab affair. The decorations consisted of drawings by the children on ruled tablet paper. There was hardly room for a tree but we managed a little one. It was not easy for our parents to select something for us because the company store did not feature a variety. Each child received an orange and a peppermint candy cane. To make it really Christmas there was a little book or a ten cent toy, a jumping-jack or a set of blocks.

The thing that really topped it off was the box that came from down on the farm of our grandfather. It always contained a dressed goose. No one in the German community ate turkey for Christmas. There was smoked sausage, stuffed and prepared by grandfather himself, for he was a sausage maker of wide reputation. When the box was delivered from the railway station we could hardly wait to open it and see the things which had been selected from the farm and included. Our mother laughed and cried in turn as

she took the things out and laid them on the oilcloth-covered table.

Perhaps I recall her times of melancholy more than her moments of joy. There must not have been too much time to devote to the luxury of feeling sorry for herself. There was washing to do on Monday while she bent over the grooved board in the big tub, a board well-rubbed with pungent homemade soap. There was ironing to do on Tuesday with the flatirons heating on the cookstove out in the smokehouse. There was always sewing and mending. The garden had to be tended and fruit and vegetables had to be canned in Mason jars, or sometimes dried in the sun. I can recall mother's frequent repetition of the old homely proverb, "Man works from sun to sun, but woman's work is never done." Yet she always found time to show her love for us and when we were hurt we could go to her with full confidence that she would stop whatever she was doing and gather us into her arms.

DOWN HOME *with Carl*

My work in Escondido, California was thrilling to me. I spoke 17 times in six days. Each evening my theme dealt with the home and the average attendance was 300. Each morning I held an open question forum and approximately 100 persons were present daily. I addressed a meeting of Senior Citizens numbering about 100, spoke at two high schools and answered questions, addressed two luncheon meetings for ministers, and a Kiwanis Club luncheon at the Country Club. At the meeting of the Ministerial Alliance I developed the theme of unity based upon renewal through recovery of the apostolic proclamation, purpose and power . . . The bound volume of *Mission Messenger* for 1975 is off the press and all advance orders have been mailed out. Only 2200 copies were bound and they will not last out the year since this is the final edition of the paper and the books will be kept by a number of our readers as collector's items. The cost is $3.50 for this attractive cloth-bound volume, and it may be ordered from *Restoration Review* . . . The manuscript for a new book, *Talks to Jews and Non-Jews,* is nearing completion. It will feature my talks to Jewish business and professional men and my answers to their questions. The book will also contain a series of analytical talks on the letter to Hebrews in which I differ with a number of the brethren in my concepts . . . Many of you will be glad to hear that following completion of this book I plan, God willing, to produce a revised edition of *The Twisted Scriptures.* Those who wish to do so can be placed upon our permanent order list for all of my books. They will be sent as they come from the press with invoice enclosed . . . Please remember that a free copy of my book *The Parable of Telstar* will be sent to any college or university student requesting it. The request must contain the name of the school where enrolled . . . We invite you to ask for free copies of my reprint booklet called *Equipping the Saints* . . . I am looking forward to seeing a great many young people at the Ohio Teens for Christ Convention, to be held in Columbus, April 9,10. It will be my privilege to address the group several times . . . April 29-30 I will be at the Church of Christ, 3911 Main Street, Mineral Ridge, Ohio 44440 . . . May 5-7 will be my third appearance with the saints at Astoria, Illinois, where God has richly blessed our association in the past, and May 12-14 I will return to Solsberry, Indiana where my esteemed and qualified brother, James Root, serves with the brethren . . . I should like to suggest that those of you who read this take advantage of the opportunity to send *Restoration Review* as gifts to your friends. This is an age when men and women read, and we can supply them the kind of reading which will build them up in the most holy faith. When you have found something good, do not keep it to yourself, but share it. – *W. Carl Ketcherside,* 139 Signal Drive, St. Louis, Missouri 63121.

READERS EXCHANGE

I really don't know where for 2.00 I can get so much error mixed in with truth as I can in the RR. I smile when I write this, because of goodwill toward you, but there is truth in the statement and no poetry. – *J.D. Bales, Harding College, Searcy, Ar. 72143*

(Well, at least no poetry! Yet I think J.D. might do well as a poet. We do not claim inerrancy for this journal. We all have some error, unless it would be brother Bales, for he is freer from error than almost anyone I know. It is the *kind* of error that matters most. The error of a bad heart, of insincerity, of malicious deceit, of merchandising men's souls, of insensitivity toward human suffering, of *not* loving Jesus, of *not* really wanting the truth. If my heart does not deceive me, I am *not* guilty of these errors, and I believe that's what counts most. As for the general search for truth and the continual quest for the ancient order of things, I reserve the right to be wrong. I would only commend to J.D. and others who think as he does the wisdom of John Stuart Mill. Always allow for the dissenting voice, he urges, for even if it be mostly erroneous, there may well be *some* truth, and hold fast that truth!)

If it hadn't been for you and our brother Carl Ketcherside, I'd probably still be passing out copies of brother Ira's *Contending for the Faith,* and gnashing my teeth at my brothers who don't share my views. I feel great shame for that period of my life. But I love you both, and I thank the Lord that he opened my eyes while I'm still fairly young (32). – *Jack Wallace, 4114 S. Sunrise Blvd., Mogadore, OH. 44260*

I am a preacher for a church of one-half non-instrumental Church of Christ and one-half Christian Church. We aren't trying to be either one, simply the church of Jesus. – *Bill Duncan, Box 103, Oberlin, Kansas*

In your October issue you said that my review of James P. Needham's article on fellowship accused him of showing sympathy for 'the Garrett-Ketcherside-Fudge' position. You noted that he does not buy that. Well, I don't buy it either. Yes, he was concerned that I was implying such sympathy on his part. That was not my purpose, as I have assured him. He said